

**MARVEL**

**033**

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LARROCA  
DELGADO**

# STAR WARS





# REBELS IN THE WILD

*It is a time of turmoil for the galaxy. While the evil Galactic Empire remains strong, the Rebel Alliance continues to fight for freedom.*

*Luke Skywalker struggles with his destiny. He can feel the Force, but lacks the training to become a Jedi Knight. When Doctor Aphra approaches him with an artifact containing the consciousness of an ancient Jedi, Luke accompanies her to the Citadel of Ktath'atn. Overcome with telepathic parasites, Luke is able to overcome their control and free the people of the Citadel along with Rebellion leader Princess Leia.*

*Despite this, danger still lurks as the surviving parasites aren't the only ones hunting for Luke and Leia....*

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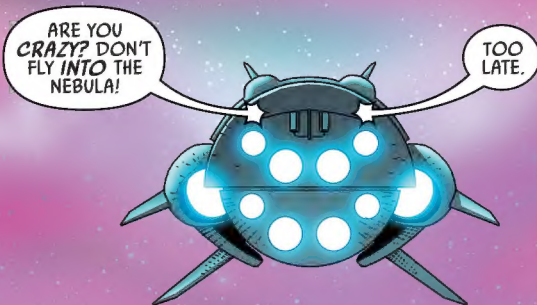
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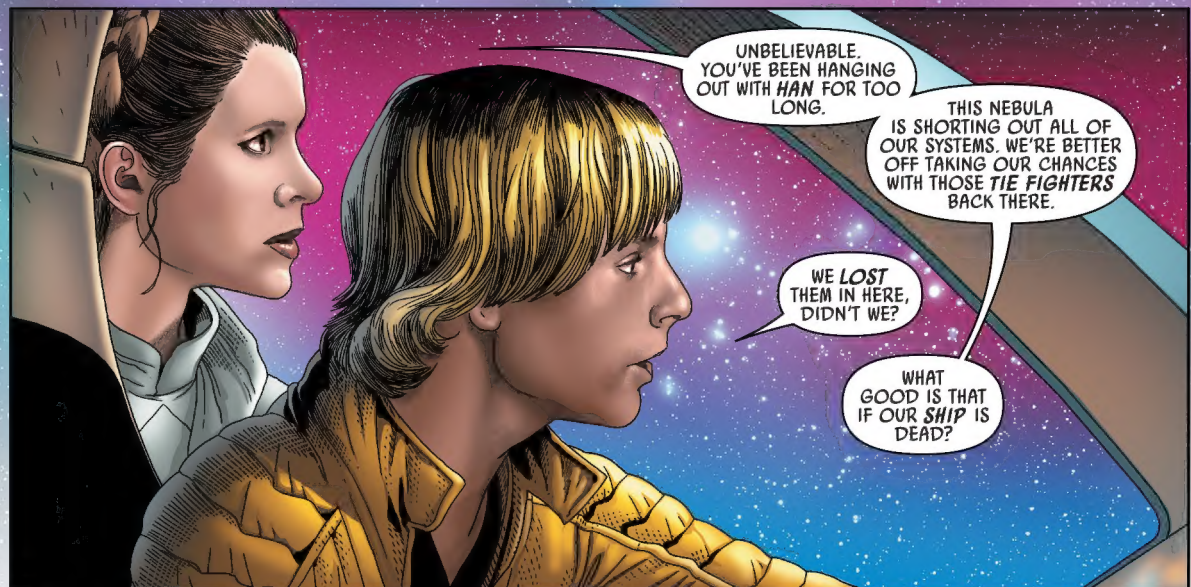






ARE YOU *CRAZY*? DON'T FLY INTO THE NEBULA!

TOO LATE.



UNBELIEVABLE. YOU'VE BEEN HANGING OUT WITH *HAN* FOR TOO LONG.

THIS NEBULA IS SHORTING OUT ALL OF OUR SYSTEMS. WE'RE BETTER OFF TAKING OUR CHANCES WITH THOSE *TIE FIGHTERS* BACK THERE.

WE *LOST* THEM IN HERE, DIDN'T WE?

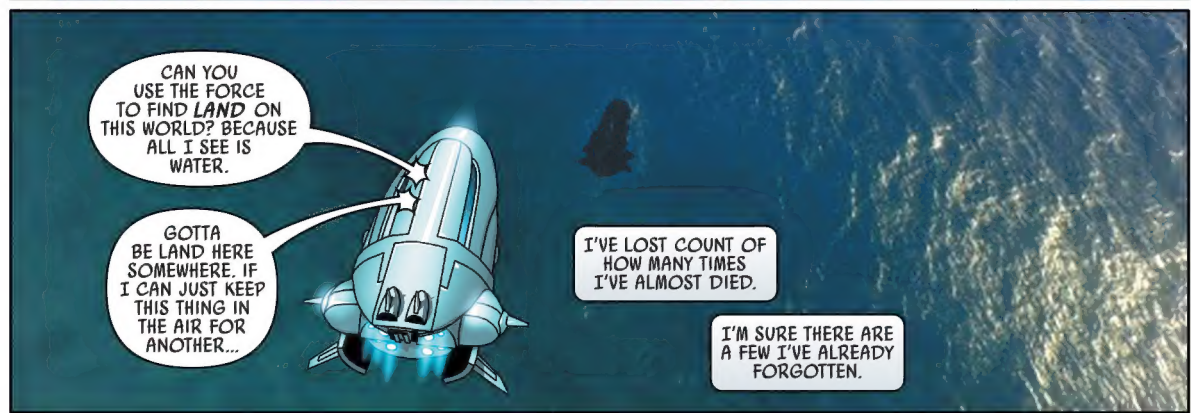
WHAT GOOD IS THAT IF OUR *SHIP* IS DEAD?



WE'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH LIFE LEFT IN US TO LAND. I'M TAKING US DOWN ONTO THIS PLANET.

WE'RE NEVER BLIND WHEN WE'VE GOT THE FORCE, LEIA.

INSTRUMENTS ARE DOWN. WE'RE FLYING BLIND HERE, LUKE.



CAN YOU USE THE FORCE TO FIND *LAND* ON THIS WORLD? BECAUSE ALL I SEE IS WATER.

GOTTA BE LAND HERE SOMEWHERE. IF I CAN JUST KEEP THIS THING IN THE AIR FOR ANOTHER...

I'VE LOST COUNT OF HOW MANY TIMES I'VE ALMOST DIED.

I'M SURE THERE ARE A FEW I'VE ALREADY FORGOTTEN.



Weeks Later...

BUT THE FEW TIMES  
I'VE ACTUALLY LIVED...  
I MEAN TRULY LIVED...

I'VE GOT  
A REALLY BAD  
FEELING ABOUT  
THIS, LEIA.

...I REMEMBER  
THOSE VIVIDLY. EACH  
AND EVERY ONE.

WHY? YOU  
DON'T SEE ANY  
OF THEM DOWN THERE?  
THIS IS THE TIME OF DAY  
THEY'RE USUALLY  
ACTIVE.

OH, I SEE  
THEM. I SEE  
SOME REALLY  
BIG ONES.

WHICH  
IS WHY THIS IS  
SUCH A BAD  
IDEA.

DO  
YOU WANNA  
EAT OR NOT,  
SKYWALKER?

LIVING MEANS NO  
BODYGUARDS. NO  
SHUFFLING FROM STUFFY  
SHIP TO STUFFY SHIP.  
NO DIGNITARIES. NO  
BUDGET MEETINGS.

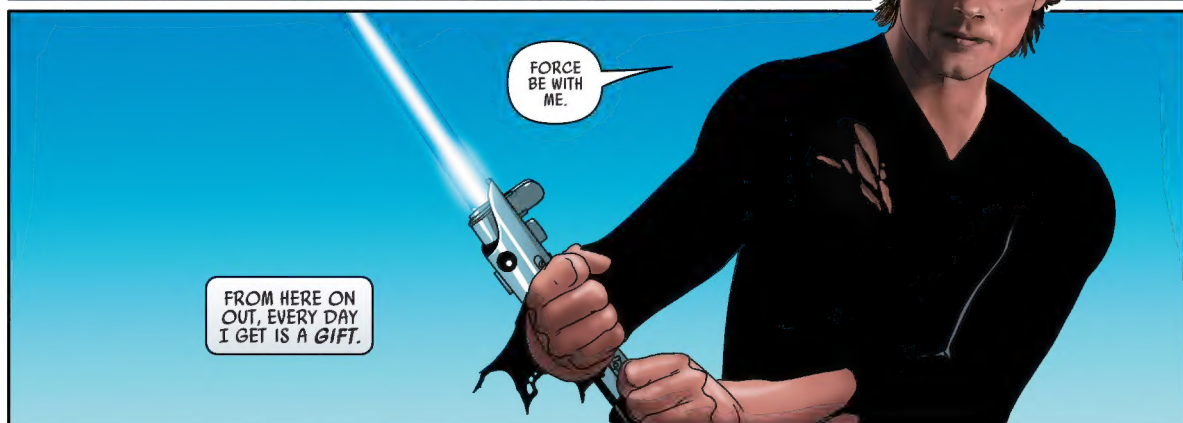
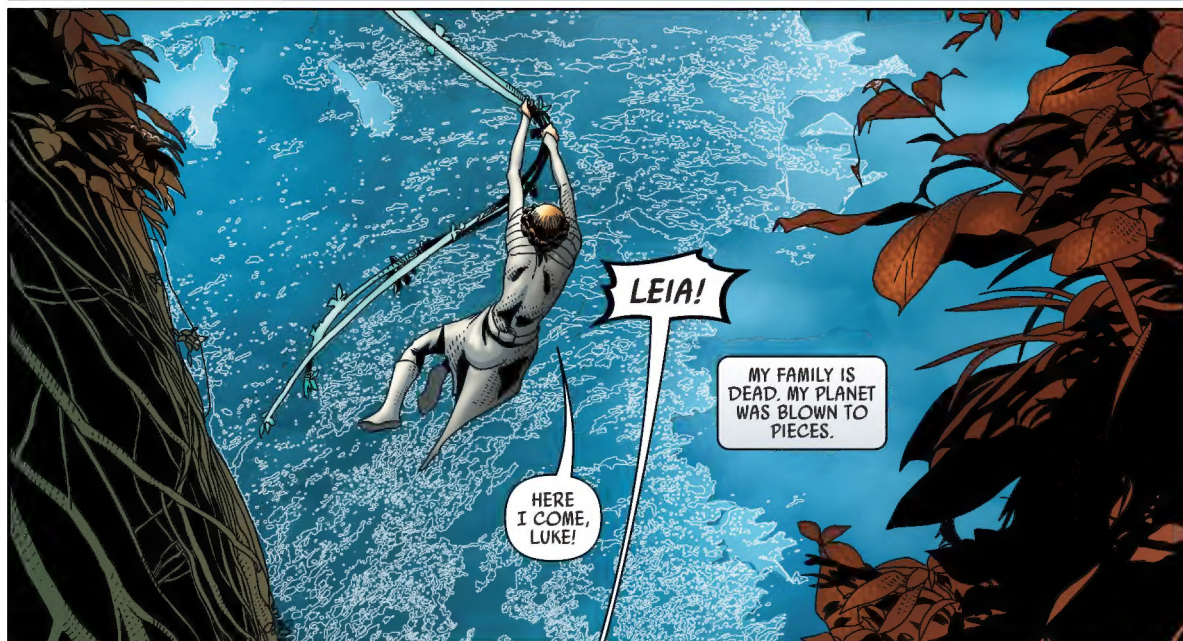
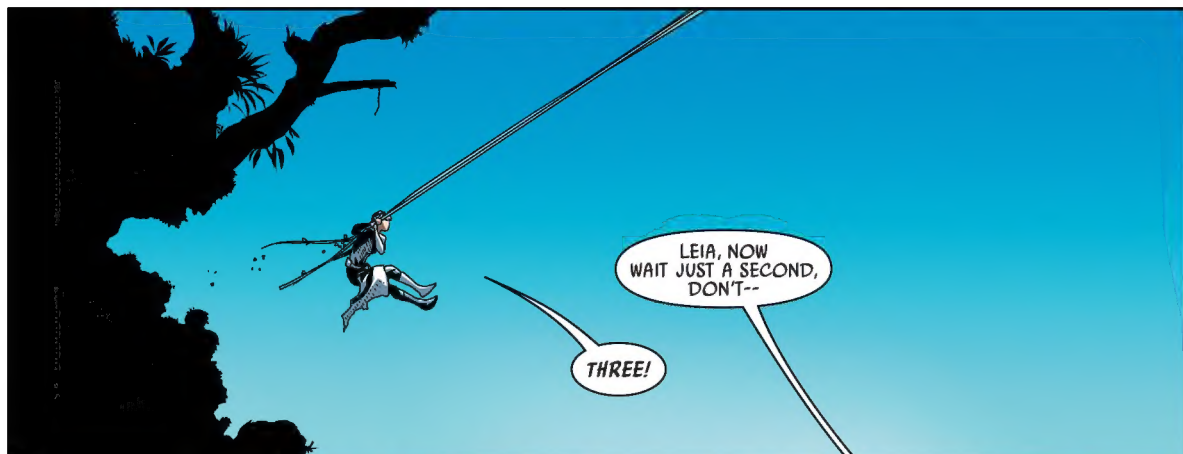
NO RULES.

BECAUSE  
I'M SICK OF BEING  
HUNGRY.

AND EVEN  
MORE SICK OF BEING  
AFRAID.

ON  
THE COUNT OF  
THREE...





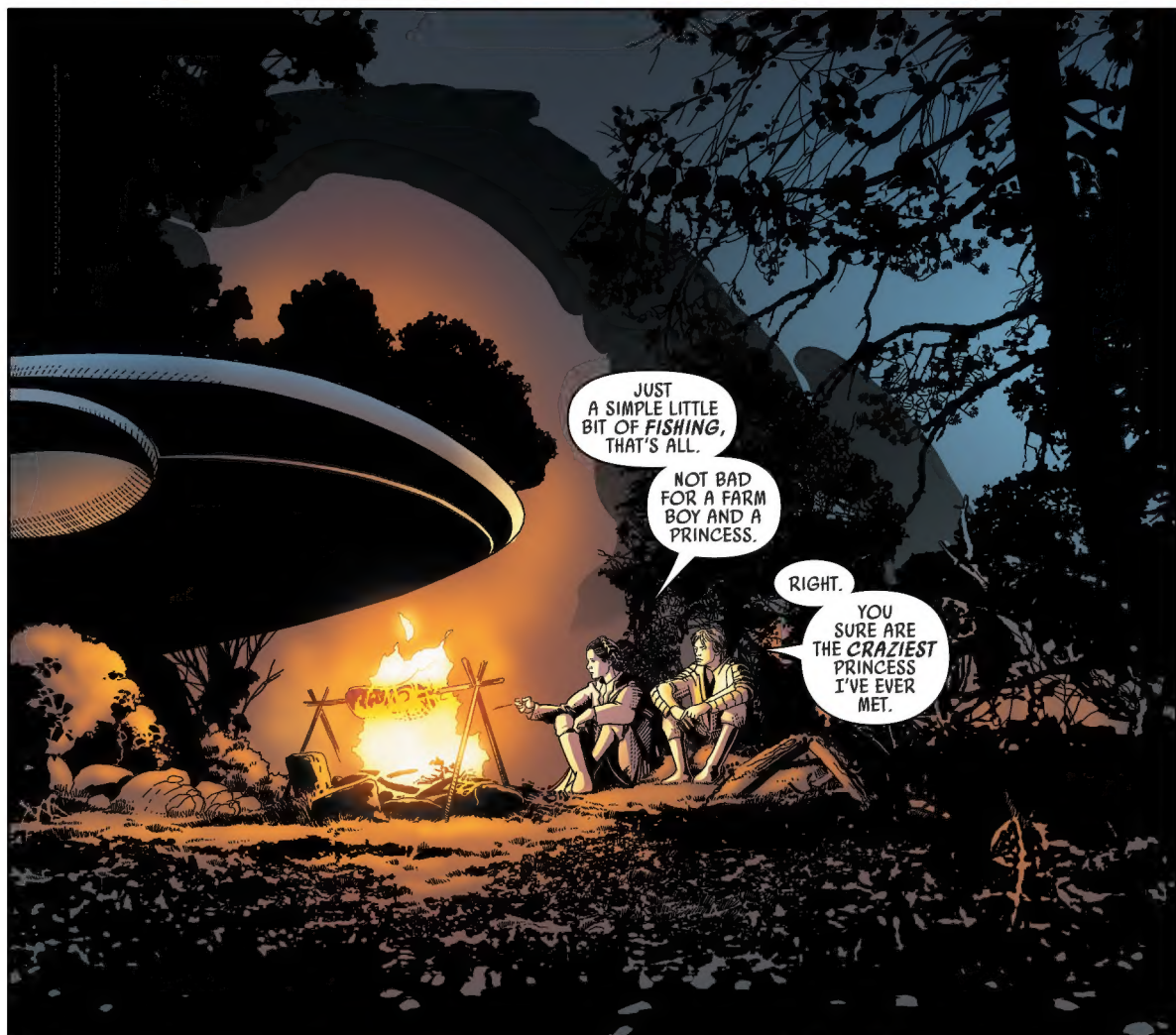




AND I DONT PLAN  
ON SQUANDERING A  
SINGLE ONE OF THEM.











THREE WEEKS WE'VE BEEN STUCK ON THIS ISLAND, AND WE STILL CAN'T GET A MESSAGE OUT, NOT THROUGH THAT NEBULA CLOUD UP ABOVE US.



THREE WEEKS AND NO ONE EVEN KNOWS WE'RE HERE. EXCEPT MAYBE THE EMPIRE.

YOU STILL LOOK FOR IT, DON'T YOU?

EVERY TIME I LOOK UP, AND THE WEIRD PART IS...

...SOMETIMES IT'S STILL THERE.

WE'RE SO FAR AWAY RIGHT NOW, THE LIGHT FROM ITS EXPLOSION STILL HASN'T REACHED US.

IT'S HARD NOT TO FEEL LIKE...IF I JUST FLY TOWARD THAT SPOT... IT'LL STILL BE THERE.

HOW'D YOU LEARN ALL THIS STUFF, GROWING UP ON ALDERAAN?



HOW TO HUNT AND SURVIVE IN THE WOODS. NO OFFENSE, BUT I PICTURE A PRINCESS LIVING IN A BIG CASTLE HER WHOLE LIFE.

YOU'RE NOT WRONG. I RAN AWAY FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN I WAS 9 YEARS OLD.



I WAS ALWAYS WORRIED MY PARENTS WERE SECRETLY PLANNING TO MARRY ME OFF TO SOME PRINCE I'D NEVER LAID EYES ON BEFORE.

SO I RAN OFF WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID AND HID IN THE WOODS.

IT TOOK THE PALACE GUARDS A WEEK TO TRACK ME DOWN.

BEST WEEK OF MY LIFE.





I  
RAN AWAY  
MORE TIMES  
THAN I CAN  
COUNT.

NEVER  
GOT VERY FAR,  
THOUGH. THERE  
AREN'T MANY PLACES  
TO HIDE ON  
TATOOINE.



YOUR WORLD  
BEING GONE, I CAN'T  
IMAGINE WHAT THAT MUST  
BE LIKE. BUT EVEN THOUGH  
MINE'S STILL THERE, IT  
DOESN'T FEEL LIKE  
*HOME* ANYMORE.

IT NEVER  
REALLY DID,  
I GUESS.



OUR FAMILIES  
ARE DEAD BECAUSE  
OF THE EMPIRE. BUT LOOK  
AT ALL THOSE *STARS*,  
LUKE.

THERE ARE  
SO MANY WORLDS  
OUT THERE, WITH PEOPLE  
JUST LIKE US, STARING UP  
INTO THE SAME SKIES,  
DREAMING THE SAME  
DREAMS.

ABOUT  
PEACE. ABOUT  
A BETTER  
FUTURE.



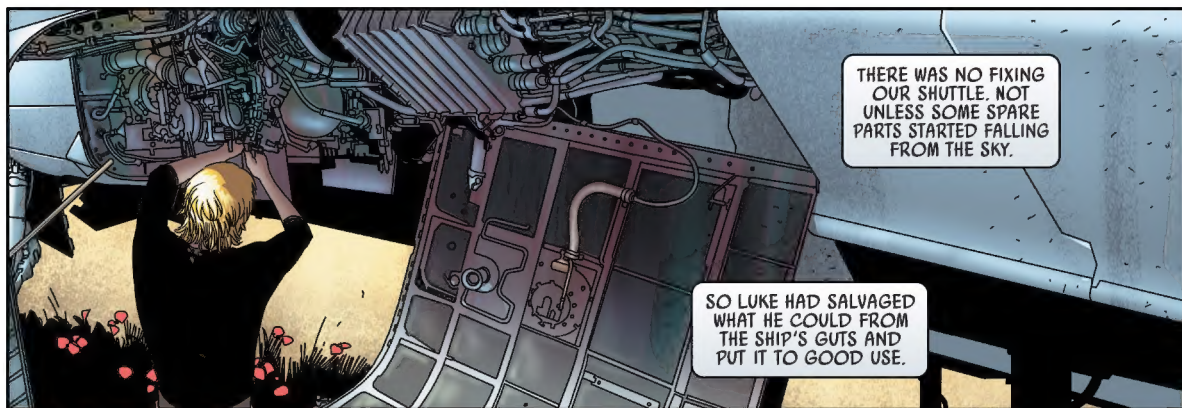
WE  
MIGHT BOTH  
BE ORPHANS, BUT  
THERE'S ONE THING  
WE'LL NEVER  
BE.

AND  
WHAT'S  
THAT?



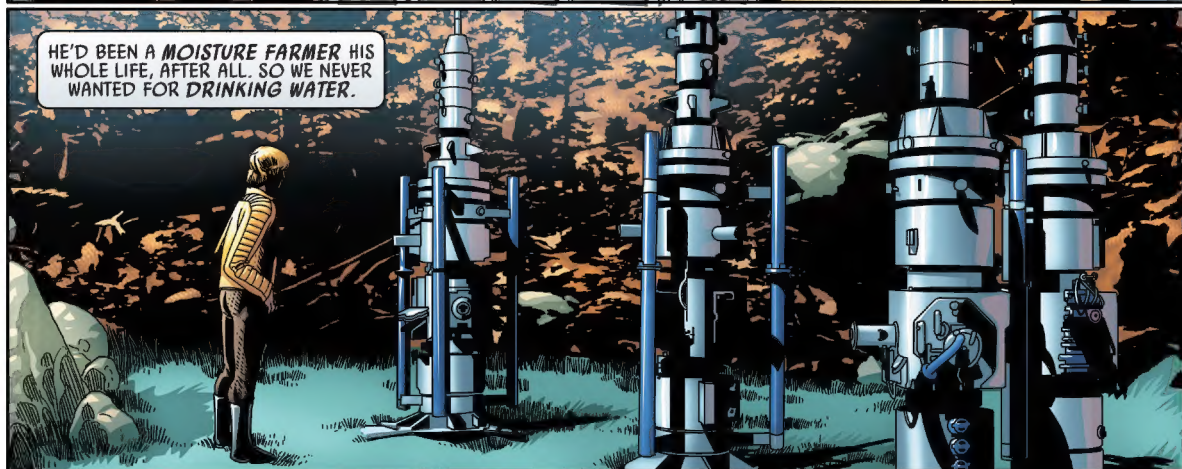
ALONE.





THERE WAS NO FIXING  
OUR SHUTTLE. NOT  
UNLESS SOME SPARE  
PARTS STARTED FALLING  
FROM THE SKY.

SO LUKE HAD SALVAGED  
WHAT HE COULD FROM  
THE SHIP'S GUTS AND  
PUT IT TO GOOD USE.



HE'D BEEN A **MOISTURE FARMER** HIS  
WHOLE LIFE, AFTER ALL. SO WE NEVER  
WANTED FOR **DRINKING WATER**.



BUT WE'D HAD TO USE THE  
**DEDLANITE** FROM OUR  
BLASTERS TO POWER THE  
VAPORATORS.

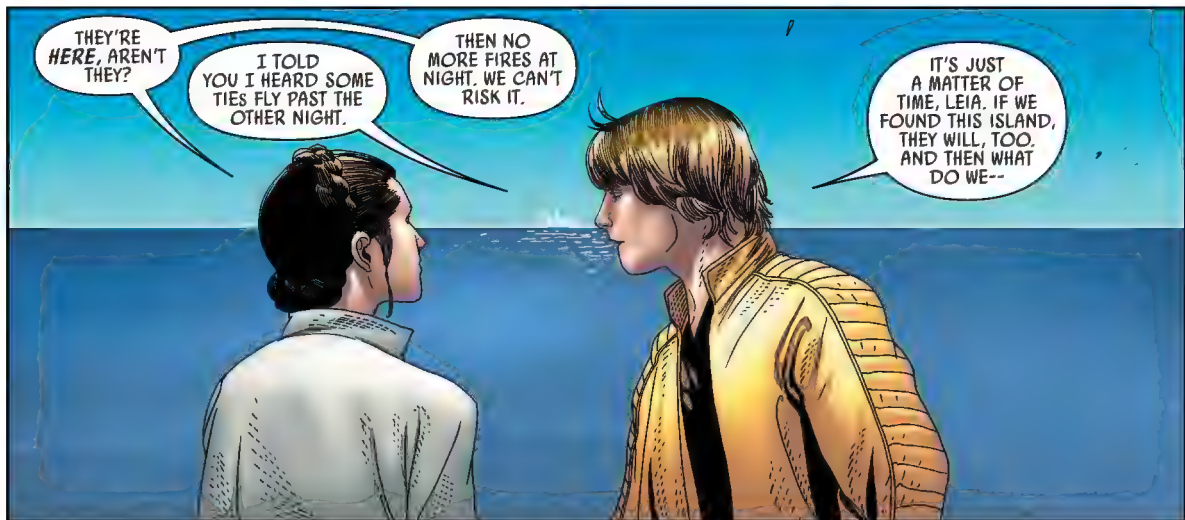
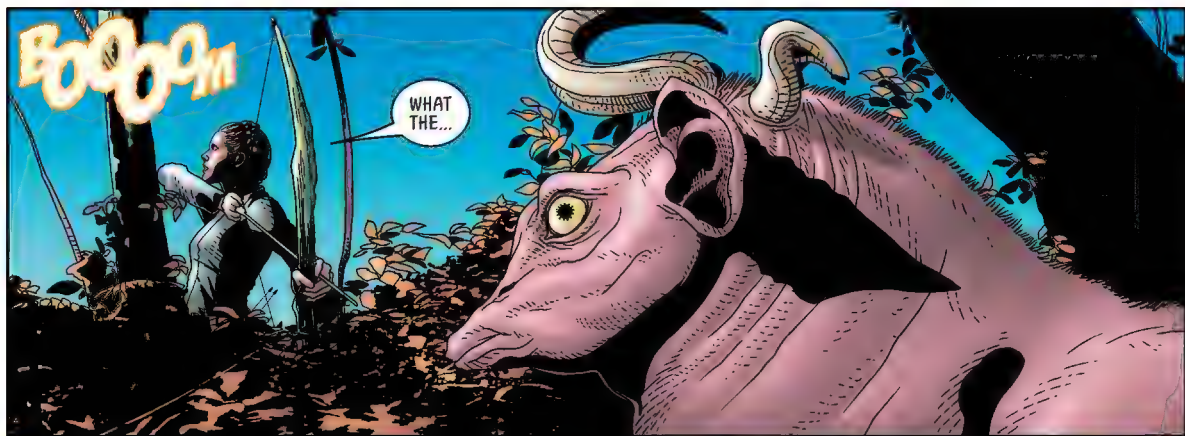
NOT AN EASY DECISION.  
EITHER DIE OF THIRST  
OR BE DEFENSELESS.

WE CHOSE  
THE WATER.

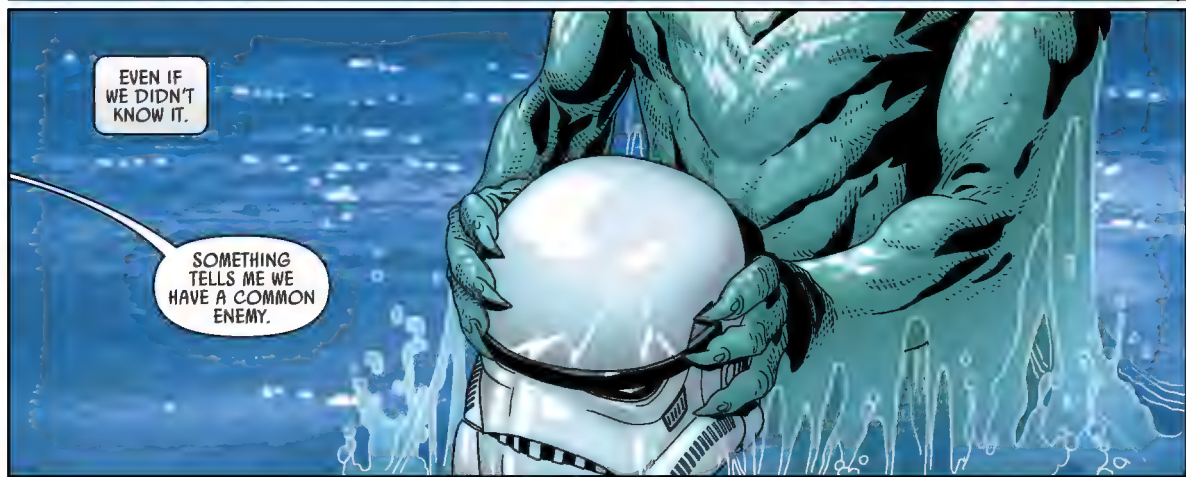
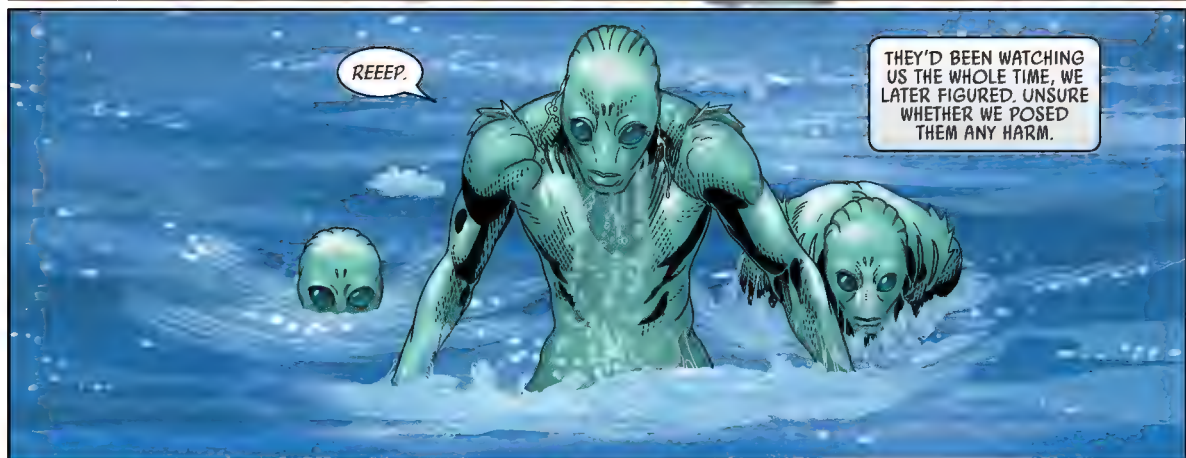


AND TO FIND  
OTHER WAYS  
TO DEFEND  
OURSELVES.













WE'D FOOLISHLY ASSUMED WE WERE  
STRANDED ON AN UNCIVILIZED PLANET  
BECAUSE WE SAW NOTHING BUT OCEAN.

WE WERE  
WRONG.

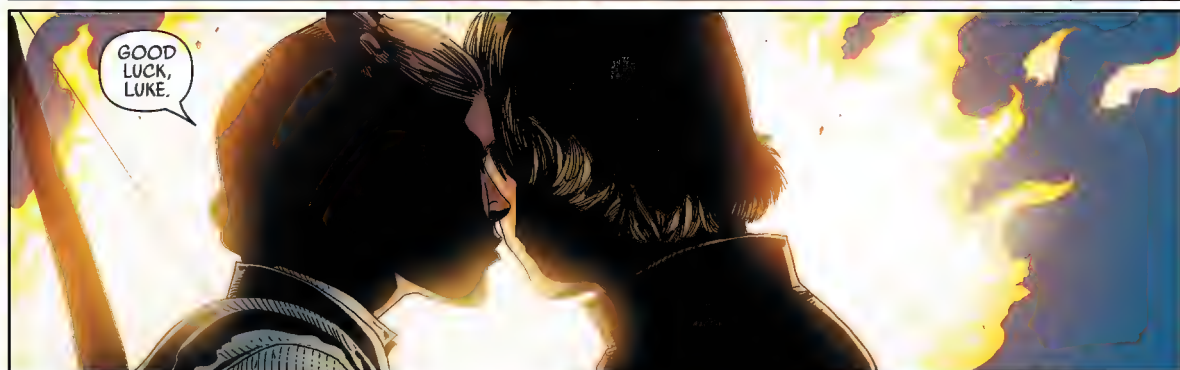
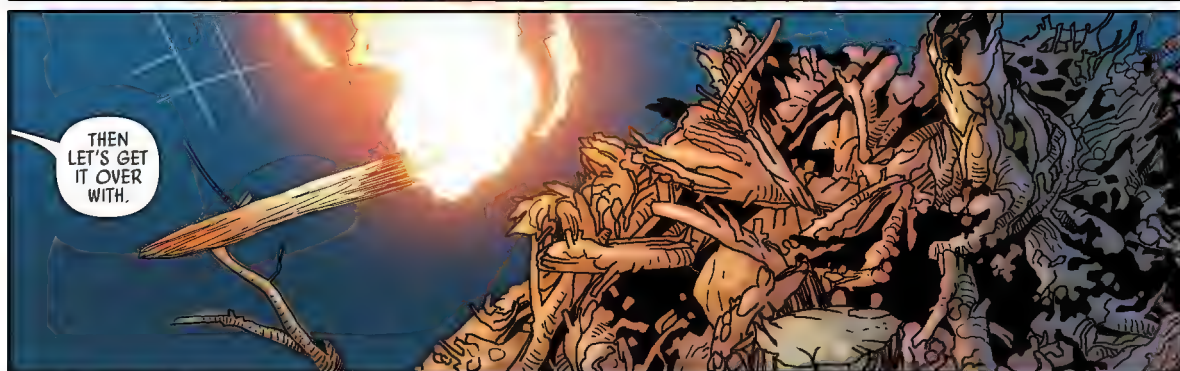
THERE WAS A WORLD HERE  
THE WHOLE TIME, RIGHT  
BENEATH THE WAVES. ONE  
WE'D NEVER EVEN NOTICED.

ONE WE'D PUT  
IN DANGER.

THE EMPIRE WAS HERE.  
SEARCHING FOR US.  
DESTROYING WHATEVER  
CROSSED THEIR PATH.

WE'D BROUGHT  
WAR TO THESE  
PEOPLE WHO'D  
NEVER KNOWN IT.  
*OUR* WAR. SO  
THE LEAST WE  
COULD DO...









BELIEVE  
ME. IT  
KNOWS.

IT DIDN'T TAKE  
THEM LONG TO  
SEE THE FIRE.



AND COME  
RUNNING.

OH,  
GREAT.



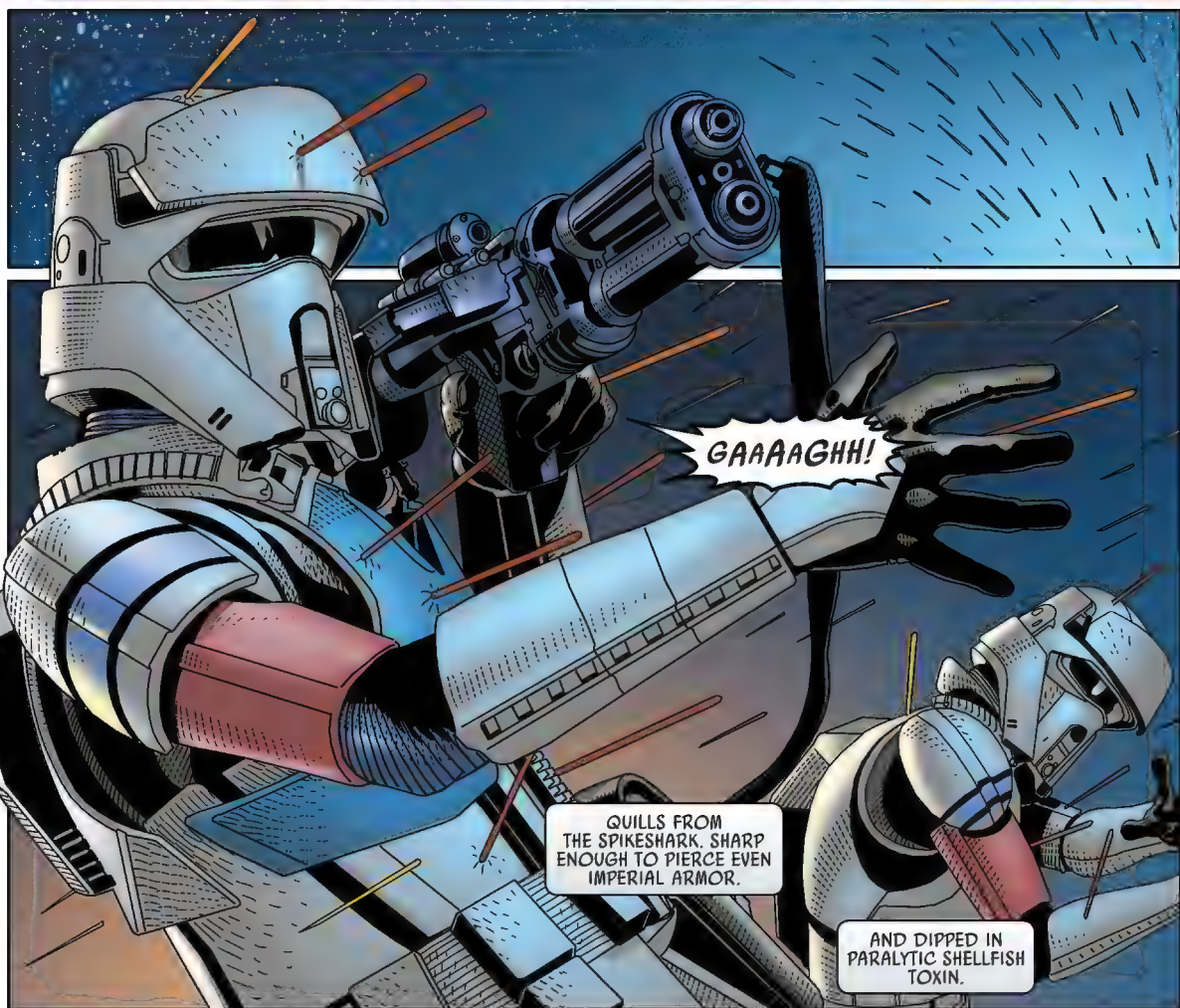
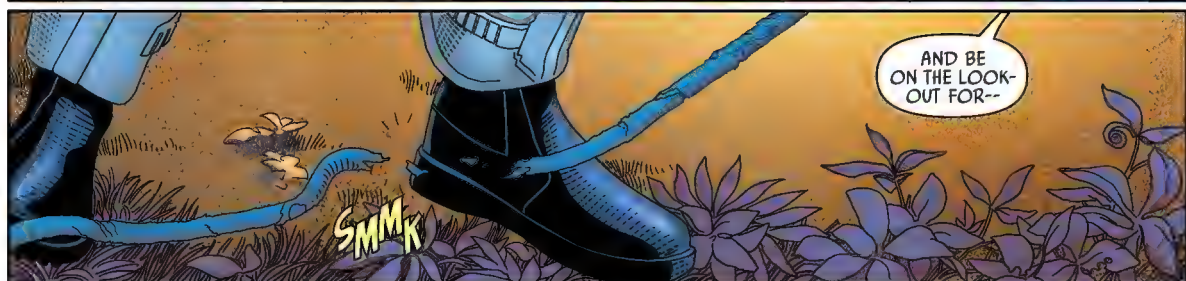
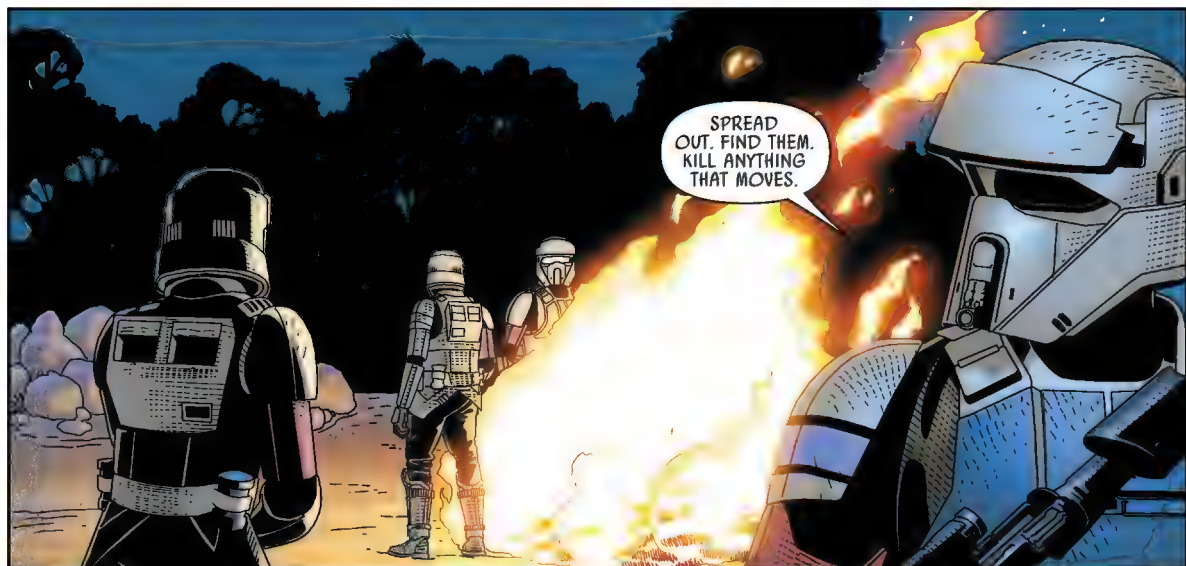
OR MORE  
ACCURATELY...



...COME  
WALKING.











LEAVE  
THEM! KEEP  
MOVING!

WE'D BEEN SAVING THAT  
FOR THREE WEEKS. THAT WAS  
OUR BEST *FIRST* SHOT.



OUR SECOND  
SHOT WASN'T  
BAD, EITHER.

WHAT  
THE...



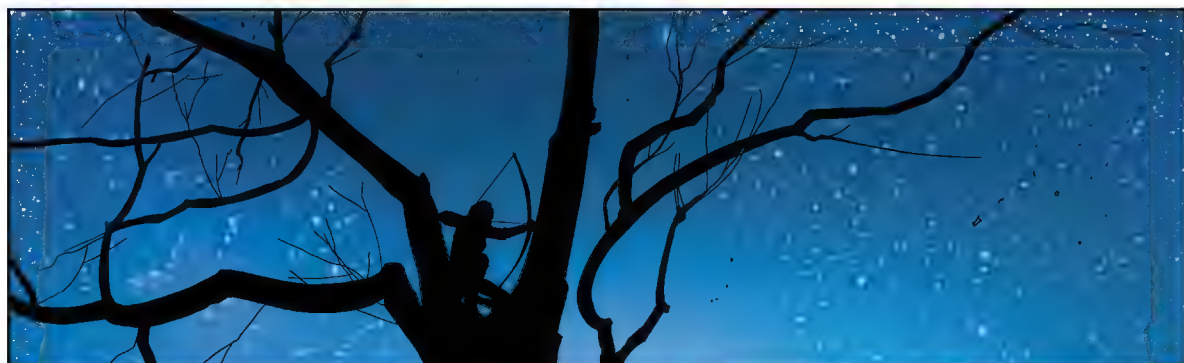
LOOK  
OUT, HE'S GOT  
A--

**GAARRRGHH!**

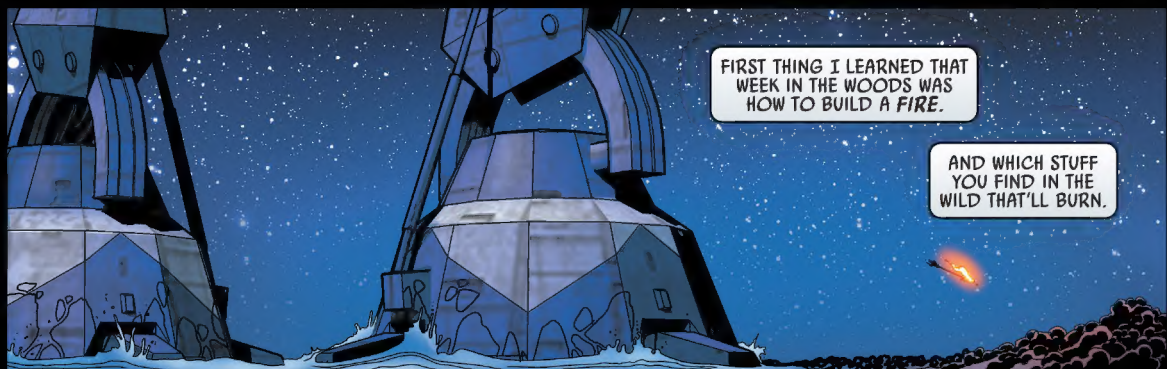


BUT NEITHER  
WAS *THEIRS*.







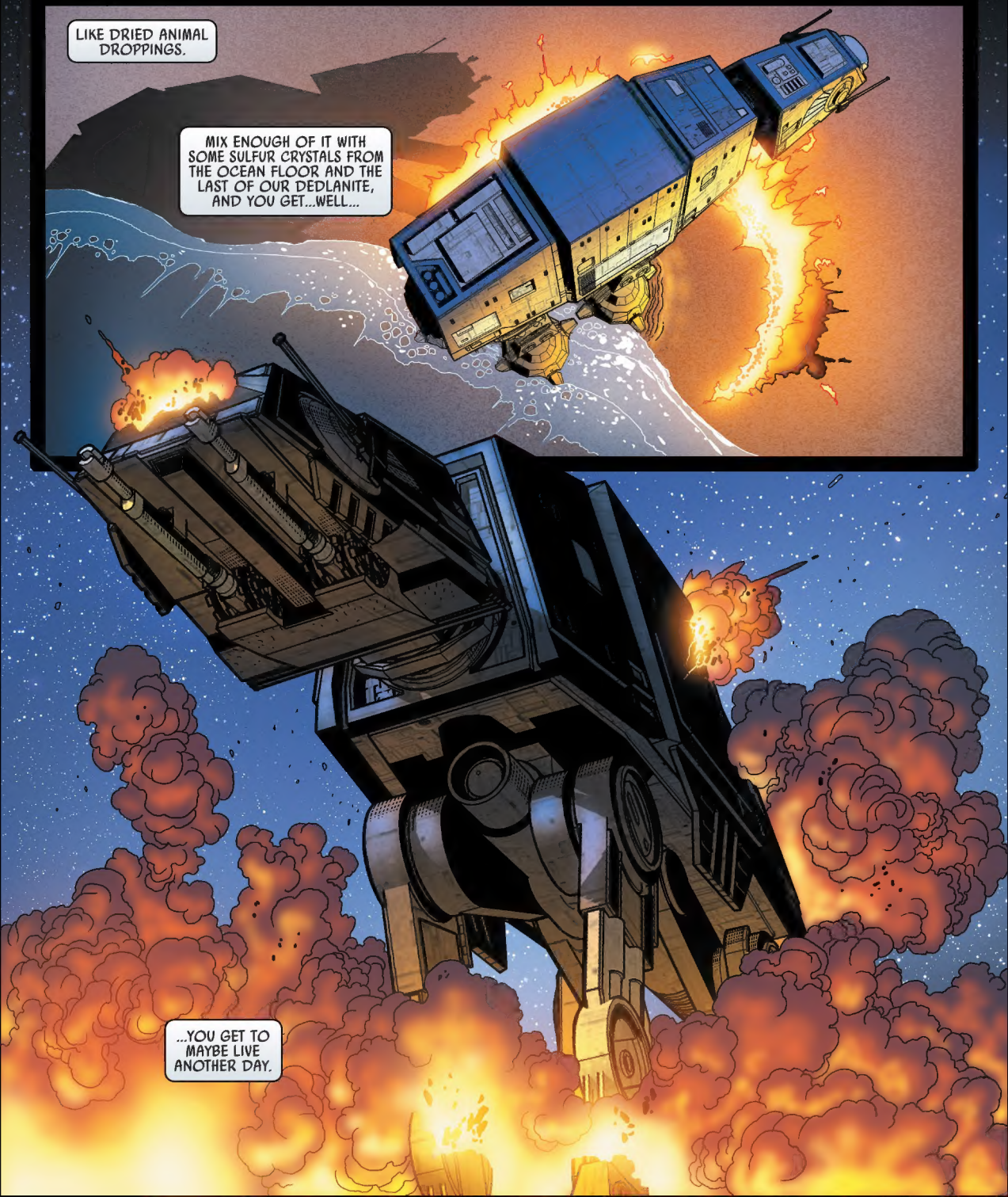


FIRST THING I LEARNED THAT  
WEEK IN THE WOODS WAS  
HOW TO BUILD A FIRE.

AND WHICH STUFF  
YOU FIND IN THE  
WILD THAT'LL BURN.

LIKE DRIED ANIMAL  
DROPPINGS.

MIX ENOUGH OF IT WITH  
SOME SULFUR CRYSTALS FROM  
THE OCEAN FLOOR AND THE  
LAST OF OUR DEDLANITE,  
AND YOU GET...WELL...



...YOU GET TO  
MAYBE LIVE  
ANOTHER DAY.





AND EVERY DAY I GET...  
IS ANOTHER DAY CLOSER  
TO MAKING SURE ALDERAAN  
DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN.

THAT WAS...  
ALMOST FUN  
FOR A BIT.

YEAH.



LET'S  
NEVER DO IT  
AGAIN.

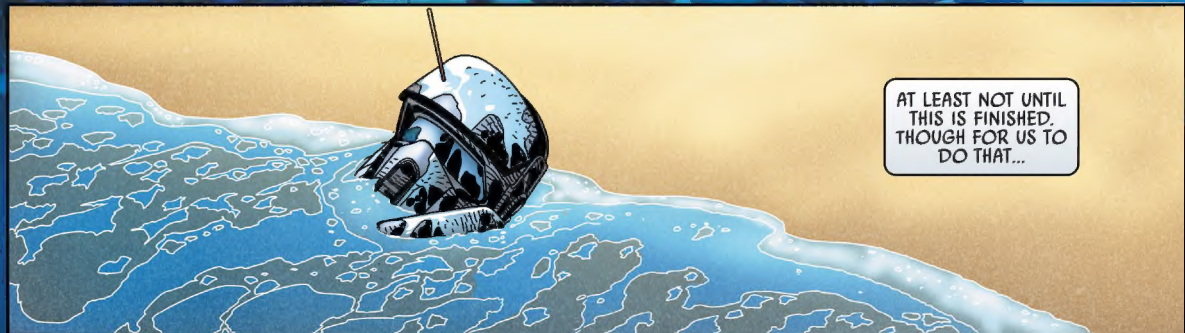
AGREED.

WE SCAVENGED WHAT WE  
NEED FROM THE AT-AT TO  
FIX OUR SHIP. THE REST...



...MAKES A NICE  
REEF FOR OUR  
NEW FRIENDS.

FRIENDS WE  
HOPEFULLY NEVER  
HAVE TO SEE AGAIN.



AT LEAST NOT UNTIL  
THIS IS FINISHED.  
THOUGH FOR US TO  
DO THAT...





...WE'RE GONNA NEED  
ALL THE FRIENDS  
WE CAN GET.

THIS IS A  
REALLY **TERRIBLE**  
PLAN, YOU KNOW  
THAT? EVEN AS FAR AS  
TERRIBLE PLANS  
GO.

OH, I'M  
NOT WORRIED  
ABOUT ME...

RELAX  
ALREADY. YOU'LL  
BE FINE.



...YOU'RE  
THE ONE WHO'S  
NEVER GETTING OFF  
CORUSCANT ALIVE,  
**SANA**.

ME? WELL  
I'LL BE JUST  
FINE.

YEAH, YOU  
USUALLY ARE,  
AREN'T YOU,  
**LANDO**?

LET'S  
JUST GET THIS  
OVER WITH.



# STAR WARS™ NEXT ISSUE!

